

# CHANDAMAMA

MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG



THE 1950s



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Winning  
Caption

**A SHOW OF SKILL**

Contributed by  
Edward D'Souza Guido, Bombay-4



**Statement about ownership of CHANDAMAMA (English)**  
**( Rule 8 Form IV ), Newspapers ( Central ) Rules, 1956**

1. *Place of Publication* : 'CHANDAMAMA BUILDINGS'  
2 & 3, Arcot Road,  
Vadapalani, Madras - 26
2. *Periodicity of Publication* : MONTHLY  
1st of each Calendar month
3. *Printer's Name* : B. NAGI REDDI,  
Managing Director,  
The B. N. K. Press (Pvt) Ltd.
- Nationality* : INDIAN
- Address* : 2 & 3, Arcot Road, Vadapalani,  
Madras-26
4. *Publisher's Name* : B. NAGI REDDI,  
Managing Proprietor,  
CHANDAMAMA PUBLICATIONS
- Nationality* : INDIAN
- Address* : 2 & 3, Arcot Road, Vadapalani,  
Madras-26
5. *Editor's Name* : CHAKRAPANI (A. V. Subba Rao)
- Nationality* : INDIAN
- Address* : 2 & 3, Arcot Road, Vadapalani,  
Madras-26
6. *Name & Address of individuals who own the paper* : B. NAGI REDDI,  
Sole Proprietor

I, B. Nagi Reddi, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

28th February, 1957

**B. NAGI REDDI,**  
*Signature of the Publisher*



# CHANDAMAMA

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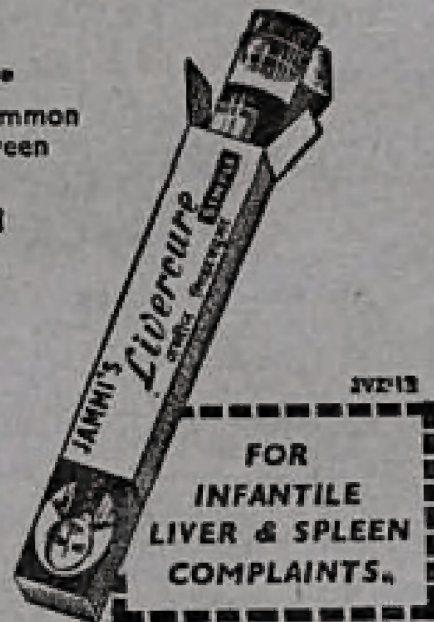
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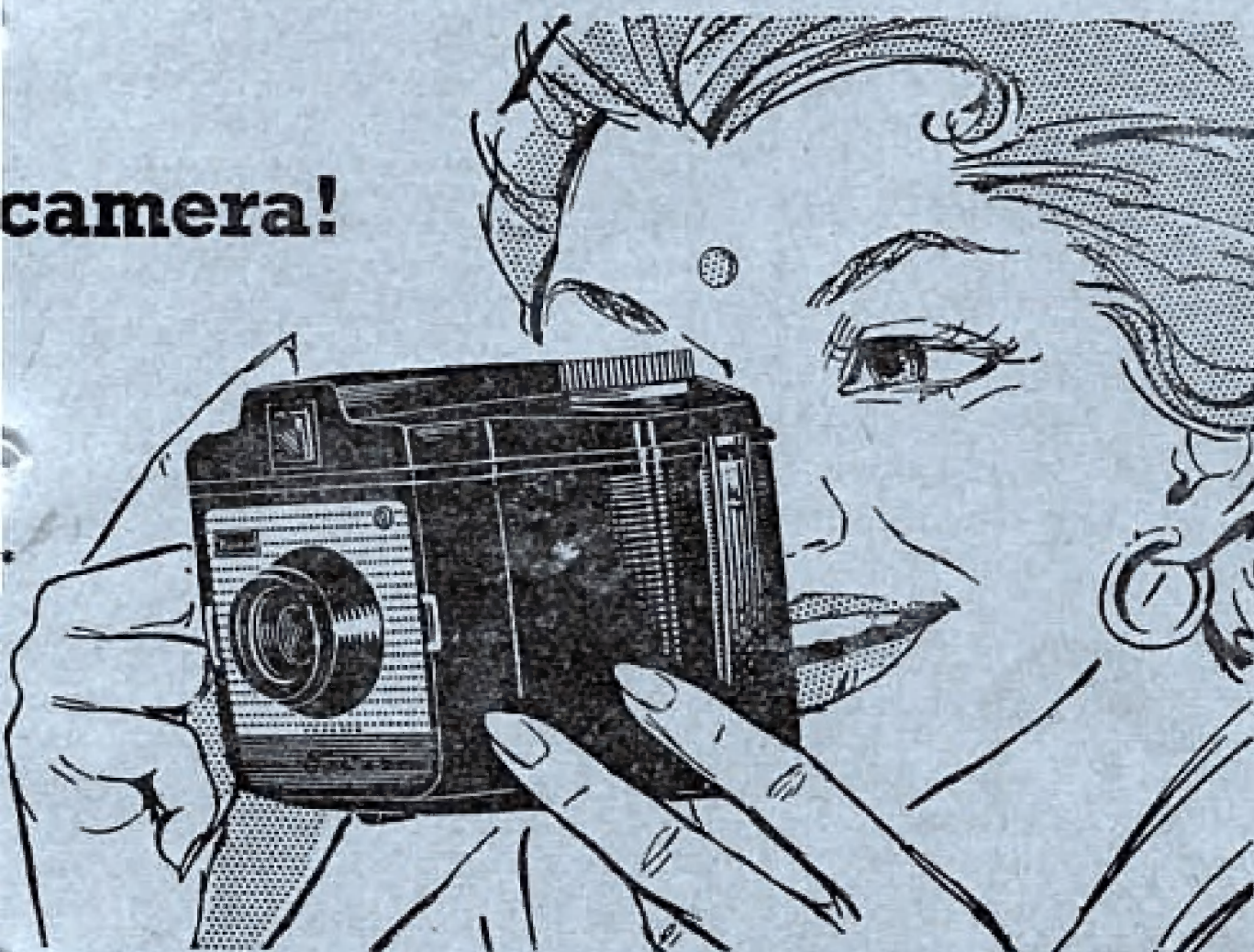
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# CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor : CHAKRAPANI

IN this queer world a person does not impress unless he assumes impressive airs. No one is bothered about the real worth of a person. But external appearances count for much. With the aid of such external qualities one may fool the world at least for some time. But, as is wisely said, you cannot fool all the people all the time. Your true worth is bound to come up for test.

In the story, DWARF (Jataka Tale) Bodhisatva is a capable archer but, at the same time, a pigmy in stature. So he fails to find employment suitable to his talent. In the end he gets hold of a stalwart weaver and gets him the job of King's Archer at the Court of Banaras. When the weaver is ordered to kill a tiger, it is the Dwarf that has to instruct the man how to do it. The stalwart weaver gets away with it. But when he has to face a regular fighting force there is a show-down. The King, at last, knows that it was the Dwarf who has the real talent while the weaver has only the appearance!

VOL. 4

MARCH 1957

NO. 3

CHITRA



## THE FRONT COVER

ACCORDING to her father's bidding Princess Savitri started on a pilgrimage. Followed by her retinue she went through the great forests, paying visits to hermitages and seeing young *Kshatriyas* whose fathers were leading recluse lives. One day, she met near a hermitage a young man called Satyavan. His father Dyumatsena, once a King of Salwa, was defeated by his enemies when he lost his eyesight, and was living in the forest.

Savitri decided that Satyavan was to be her husband, wound up her pilgrimage and returned home. Her return coincided with the arrival of Narada, the Divine Sage. Aswapati asked his daughter whether she could find a man whom she liked to marry and Savitri told him about Satyavan.

Aswapati turned to Narada and asked him, "O Sage, what is your opinion about Satyavan? Do you know about him?"

Narada nodded his head in hesitation, and said, "O King, there is not the least doubt that Satyavan is the best of the young *Kshatriyas* today. But, I am afraid, he is destined to die exactly one year from this day. Not knowing this, your daughter has selected him for her husband."

Aswapati was shocked. He implored his daughter to select someone else. But Savitri was adamant. "A woman can love only once," she said. "Whatever happens, he is my chosen husband."

Narada sensed that Savitri was not a girl to change her mind ever. "Marry her to the man of her choice, O King," he said. "Let the future take care of itself."

Aswapati yielded. He started out to the hermitage of Dyumatsena and then Savitri became Satyavan's wife.



## NOTHING TO LOSE

[I]n a certain country there was a poor man. Thinking of making his livelihood in another country, he started in the company of a large caravan consisting five hundred carts. The caravan stopped in the forest for the night. Everyone was asleep except the poor man who kept pacing to and fro outside the camp.

Some robbers came in the dead of night intending to loot the camp, but, seeing the poor man awake, they went away. They made two more attempts but the poor man did not go to sleep. Finally, at dawn, they came for the last time, saw the man still pacing about. Throwing down their sticks and stones, they shouted, "This man has saved you from us! Treat him well!" and went away.

The other travellers woke up, found the sticks and stones and asked the poor man whether the robbers came in the night, and said, "Were you not afraid of the robbers?"

"Why should I fear the robbers?" the poor man asked. "I have nothing to lose!"







## THE DWARF

WHEN Brahma-datta was King of Banaras Bodhisatva was born as the son of a Brahman. He was a very short person. So he was called 'Dwarf'. At an early age he went to Taksha-sila and studied archery under a teacher and attained mastery in that science.

Having completed his education, Dwarf set out to earn a living as an archer. With this aim in view he travelled to many lands and saw many kings, told them that he was an expert archer and offered to serve under them. But, seeing his short stature, no one took him seriously and Dwarf could not get a job.

He was at a loss as to how he could make a living or put his

talent to any use. One day while he was passing through the weavers' street of a certain village, he saw a stalwart man sitting at his loom and weaving.

Dwarf approached the weaver and asked him, "Friend, may I know your name?"

"They call me Bhim," the weaver replied. The name suited him.

"You are so tall, so well-built, and you have such a resounding name!" Dwarf said. "Why do you waste your time in weaving? You ought to do better."

"What can I do?" Bhim replied. "This is the only thing I know how to do."

"Come with me," Dwarf said, "and I'll show you a way of living decently."



Bhim was glad. He agreed to follow Dwarf. They journeyed for a few days and reached Banaras.

"Go to the King," Dwarf told Bhim. "Tell him that you are an expert archer, and offer your services to him. The King will notice how tall and well-built you are, and will give you employment."

"But I do not know any archery!" Bhim protested.

"That does not matter. I am an expert archer. Make me your aid. I will be at hand whenever you need me," Dwarf said.

So Bhim went and saw the King of Banaras, told him that he was an expert archer, and was promptly employed as the King's Archer on a salary of a thousand rupees a fortnight. Dwarf got employed as an aide to Bhim. Both began to live comfortably on Bhim's earnings.

After a time, a certain tiger began to haunt the highway that led to the city of Banaras, and pounce upon wayfarers. There was panic among the people and



the King had to do something about it.

The King sent for Bhim the Archer, and said, "O Bhim, there is a tiger in such and such part of the highway, menacing travellers. Go at once and kill it!"

Bhim agreed to kill the tiger, took leave of the King, and came home. "Now I am in a fix," he told Dwarf. "How am I going to kill this tiger? Help me out."

"Listen to me carefully," Dwarf said. "You will not be



able to kill the tiger unaided. On leaving the city, gather two thousand villagers and take them to the tiger's haunt. When you hear the tiger roar, get into some bush and hide yourself there. The villagers will kill the tiger. Make sure that the tiger is dead and come out of your hiding place with a length of creeper in your hand. On seeing the dead tiger, get angry, and shout, 'Who has killed this tiger? I intended to tether it with this creeper and show it to the King! If I wanted to kill it I could have done it

myself without the assistance of the whole lot of you! Now tell me who was the scoundrel that killed the tiger so that I can get him beheaded!' The villagers will be frightened. They will deny that they had anything to do with the killing of the tiger. Then you can come back to the city and claim that you killed it yourself, without the fear of anyone contradicting you!"

Bhim followed the instructions of his aide to the last letter. While the villagers killed the tiger, he hid in a bush. He then





came out with a long creeper after the tiger was dead. He made a lot of fuss about the death of the beast, and scared the villagers. The frightened villagers slipped away to their homes.

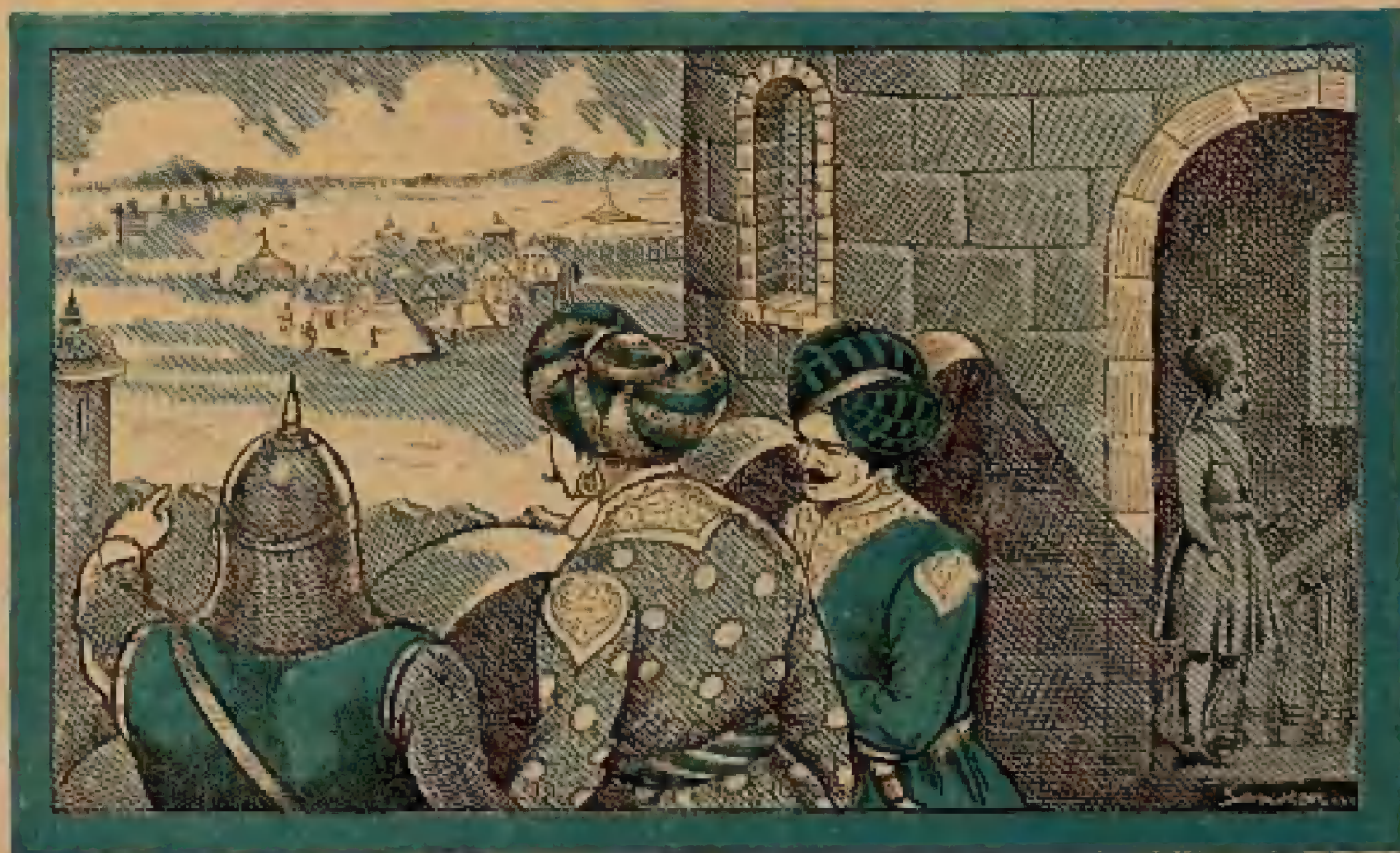
Then Bhim returned to the city pompously, saw the King and said to him, "Sire, the highway is once again safe for the pedestrians!"

The King was mightily pleased with Bhim's valour. Bhim's glory spread all round and compliments were showered upon

him continuously. Soon the fool really began to believe in his own valour, and began to treat his aide with contempt. Dwarf observed this change that had come over the weaver, but he ignored it.

Some time later, an enemy king marched his armies on the State of Banaras and laid siege to the city. His envoys brought word from him asking the King of Banaras, "Will you surrender or fight?"

The King sent for Bhim, and said to him, "Take the necessary forces and conquer the enemy!"





Bhim was put into battle array. He was dressed in armour, given a bow and arrows, sat upon an elephant and sent to the battle-ground.

Dwarf knew that Bhim was in danger. He too armed himself with bow and arrows, and sat behind Bhim, on the elephant. The elephant marched to the battle-ground surrounded by cavalry and infantry.

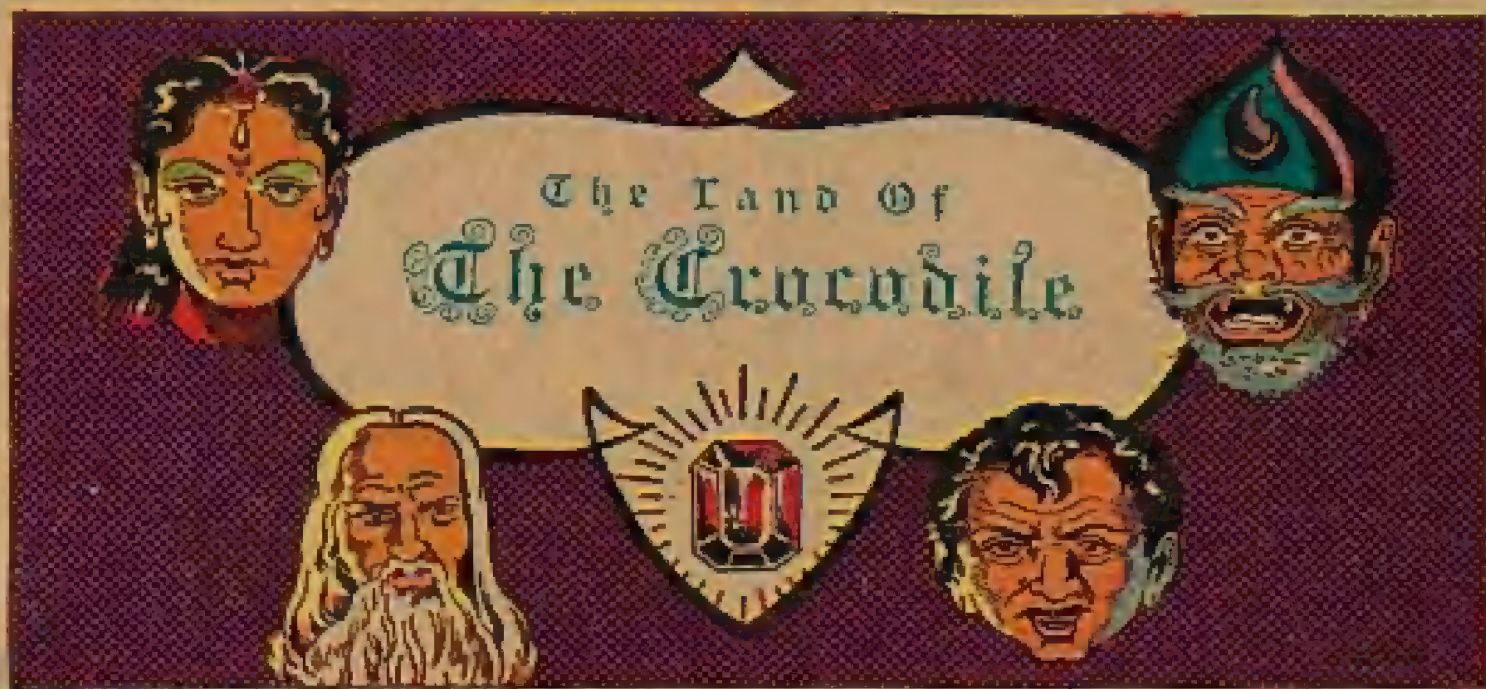
Bhim began to shake with fear as soon as he saw the orderly lines of the enemy soldiers before him. Sweat began to pour out of him profusely, while his hands and feet went numb with cold. He made an attempt to slip off the elephant, and escape. Had not dwarf frustrated this attempt and tied

him up securely to the elephant, Bhim would have been trodden to death under the hooves of the horses. Now Dwarf took command of the situation on his own initiative. He spurred the elephant on into the enemy ranks, raining arrows on the enemy all the while. No one could halt him and he made straight for the enemy King, scattering the enemy forces. Soon the enemy king was wounded, defeated and taken prisoner.

As soon as Dwarf returned victorious from the battle-ground, the King knew that he was the real archer. He at once made him the King's Archer in Bhim's place. Dwarf gave Bhim a good number of gifts, and sent him away.







### 3

(Naravahana of Kundalini invaded the Marala Isle without warning. Mandara-deva, King of Marala, was abducted away by his spies. But the spies paid for their treachery—they died by a thunderbolt. Then the King and his four men fought valiantly against some enemy horse-men, some of whom died and the rest of whom fled back to the fort which was already in their possession. The fight was over.)

THE men watched the King eagerly, anxious to know what his next plan was. He turned to the sea and then to the fort, and then he heaved a long sigh. His future depended upon what he decided to do now.

"I think," he said at last, "That it is better that we leave this land as soon as possible.

The Kundalini horsemen are bound to inform their leaders about us. Then a strong contingent will be sent after us. But these canoes are too frail to cross the seas in, and reach unknown isles. Our future is not bright, one way or the other. I suppose, the four of you intend to leave with me?" he asked.





you—you have your families, kith and kin—”

“We have no such ties, sire,” they said. “We are as free as you are.”

The King looked at them with affection, and said, “Well, then, let’s be going. Delay is dangerous. Let us get into these boats.”

The two canoes were secured by ropes tied to pegs driven into the sand of the beach. The soldiers untied them and got into them. The King got into one of the canoes with two of the men while the other two men got into the second canoe.

Then they rowed across the breakers and into the sea with the help of paddles. The rain had lessened a bit. There was no lightning and thundering in the sky. The moon was shining as if to relieve the darkness of the night and show the King and his men the way.

But they had no destination. Nothing else mattered to them so long as they kept themselves beyond Naravahana’s reach. The

“Sire,” they said with one voice, “we have been with you always. We cannot leave you in this hour of trial.”

Mandara-deva was touched by their loyalty. He said:

“Do not think, for a moment, that I suspect your loyalty. I am a bachelor. Now that I have been dethroned, I am an entirely free man. I can spend the rest of my life trying to avenge myself upon this scoundrel Naravahana, who attacked us without warning. One day, I will get him. But



men kept on paddling ceaselessly and the boats went farther and farther out into the sea. How long they would be on the sea and where they would touch land were problems about which they were not bothered now.

They must have spent four or five hours on the sea when they saw a light in the distance. They could see the streak of its reflection on the water. Who would be on the sea now, so far away from the shore, so soon after such a heavy storm, Mandara-deva wondered. They could not be fishing boats, but they certainly could be Naravahana's ships coming after them!

Troubled by this fearful doubt, Mandara-deva stood up in the boat. The lights were coming nearer and nearer. On close observation, Mandara-deva could make out two boats which were not very large in size.

"It looks as though we are in for another fight on the sea, this time," he said. "If they are not our own boats carrying some



more of our evacuees, they are sure to be those of Kundalini. We don't have a single bow and arrow between us, do we?" he asked.

"Sire, we have nothing except our swords," one of the men replied. "When the Minister told us to go to your aid, we came away in haste."

"That does not matter," said the King. "We can protect ourselves without sharp swords, so long as Mother Marali takes care of us! If die we must, it



matters very little whether our bodies are eaten up by the fish of the sea or the worms of the soil! It is all one and the same thing!"

The men were made bold by this speech of the King. The boats were now quite near. Their lights revealed their outlines quite clearly. The men saw a tall man stand up in one of the boats and raise his bow. The moon did not reveal the details of his features, but his figure was certainly tall.

"Lie down!" the King shouted. "They are well armed! I suspected as much. We cannot deal with them until they approach near enough to us. Beware of the arrows until then."

Mandara-deva had hardly finished before an arrow came whistling down and struck the canoe. Mandara-deva and the men jumped into the boat and bent their heads down to avoid being hit.

Though they could not see the approaching boats, they could hear the talk of the men in





the boats, and the sound of the oars beating the water. It was evident that the enemy was approaching very swiftly. Mandara-deva and his men had to lie low till the enemy came near enough to be engaged with the sword. And then victory would go to those who showed the better courage and who had the better luck!

And then, to the surprise of the King and men who were crouching in the canoes, there were loud shouts of "Hail Samarsen!"

from the approaching ships. Even as Mandara-deva was wondering at this unexpected slogan, one of the boats ran violently into his canoe and nearly sank it.

Mandara-deva stood up with his sword drawn. The sea echoed his shout, "Hail Marali!" The next instant his sword flashed towards one of the enemy. He uttered a shrill cry and fell into the sea. Seeing this, Mandara-deva's men roared like lions and jumped onto the boat.







But the next moment, they heard a shout, "Stop! Stop! we are no enemies!" They stood still, while Mandara-deva raised his sword and demanded, "Who are you? Are you not the fighters of Naravahana of Kundalini?"

"We *are* from Kundalini," a tall person replied. "But Naravahana is our deadliest enemy! If you are from Marala, we are truly friends, and you may put down your swords!"

Mandara-deva hesitated for a moment, wondering whether this

was a ruse to fool him, but he thrust his doubts aside, and said, "Who is your leader? Let me know his name!"

"They call me Siva-dutt," the tall man answered. "These are my men!"

"I am very happy to meet you, Siva-dutt!" Mandara-deva said with enthusiasm. "Some twenty years back, when I was a lad of ten, I heard about you and the famous Samarsen, the great Commander-in-Chief of Kundalini. I heard with wonder the marvellous tales of your exploits in some strange islands. Now, at last, I have the honour of meeting you, the comrade of the great commander, in person. This is indeed a very happy day in my life!"

"And who are you?" Siva-dutt asked. "Not the King of Marala surely?"

"Yes, indeed," Mandara-deva replied. "At any rate, I was the King of Marala until a few hours ago. Now I am just



~~~~~  
Mandara-deva. My crown is now in Naravahana's possession!"

While they were talking, both the boats of Siva-dutt came up along either side of Mandara-deva's canoe. Siva-dutt got up from his seat in his boat and came over to Mandara-deva's canoe. Evidently he intended to have a talk with Mandara-deva. So the latter made room for him on his seat.

"It is true that one cannot be a King without his kingdom," Siva-dutt said, sitting down by the other's side. "So I shall call you just Mandara-deva. Where are you bound now? May I know of your destination?"

Mandara-deva sighed and then smiled. "I myself do not know my destination," he said. "I am at present busy fleeing from Naravahana. These four men are my soldiers."

"That is fine! It makes us comrades in distress!" Siva-dutt said. "For both of us are identically situated. I too flee from the same devil!"



"O King! Look at those things!" one of Siva-dutt's men exclaimed suddenly. "See how many of those lights there are. I am afraid they are all ships coming in pursuit of us. How I wish it were something else!"

Siva-dutt and Mandara-deva looked in the direction of the land. The soldier was quite right. There was a chain of lights visible on the horizon. As the ships moved up and down on the water, the lights looked like glow-worms in the dark.



“Let us make for the open sea,” Siva-dutt said. “It is the only possible way of escape. With luck we may reach some isle or other. If not—well, there is nothing to be done about it. We must, at all cost, avoid falling into Naravahana’s hands!”

Mandara-deva nodded his head in full agreement.

The four boats went briskly forward with the help of oars.

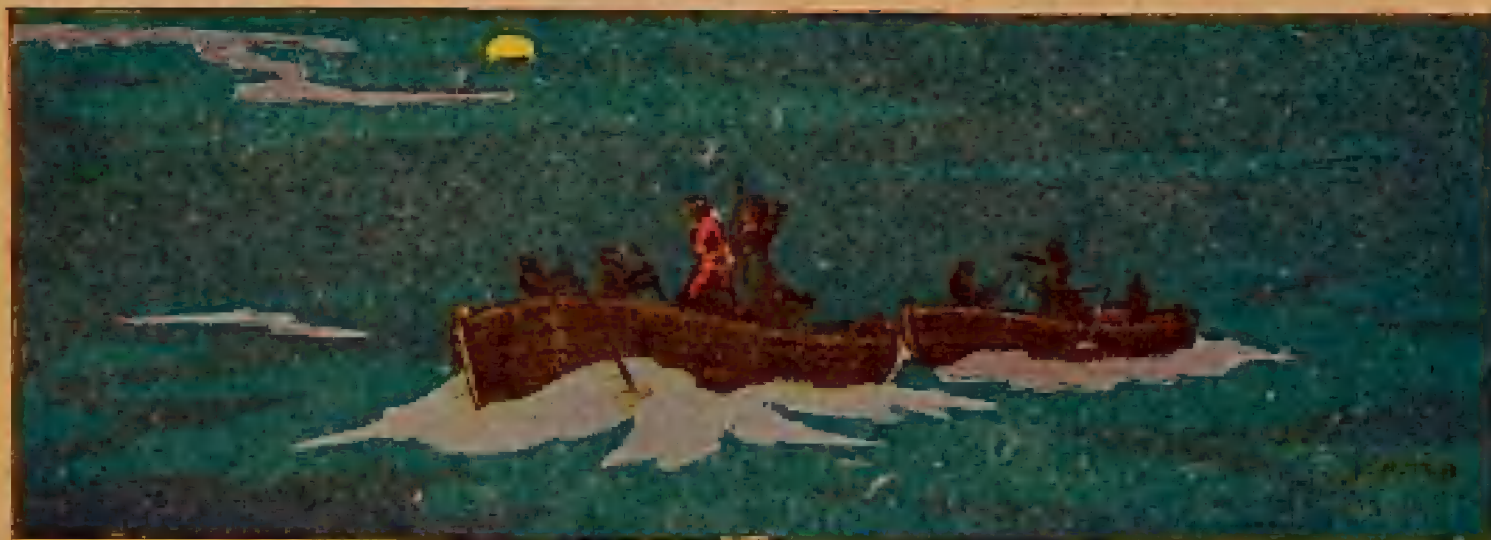
Sure enough, it was Naravahana’s fleet which they had sighted. The fleet must have noticed the lights on Siva-dutt’s boats. He ordered them to be put out at once.

Now there was less risk. The four boats kept enough distance

between them to avoid colliding with one another..

Mandara-deva looked at the setting moon and the shining stars. Then he turned to Siva-dutt, and said, “O Siva-dutt, it hurts me to learn that you, who were next to that great Commander Samarsen, had to leave your native land. How did it happen at all? I would like to know all about it.”

“It was that traitor Naravahana and his lawlessness that brought about all the tragedy,” Siva-dutt replied, after a moments reflection. “Of course, Samarsen too, was partly to blame. Let me tell you what happened exactly as it happened!” *(To be continued)*







## THE HUNCHBACK

THE King of Swan Island had a daughter named Indu. She was entrusted to the care of a special governess who was both wise and intelligent. The royal child always spent her time in the garden, learning from her governess all about the various trees and birds she saw there.

One day, Indu saw a lizard. Her governess then told her a story about lizards. Prior to the Deluge the lizards had grown to the size of hills. Mother Earth went to Brahma and complained that she could not carry the weight of these lizards. Brahma reduced the size of the lizards.

Indu listened to this strange story, caught hold of the lizard, went to her father and threw it in his lap, out of playfulness.

The King who was in deep thought started and then grew angry.

The innocent child laughed gleefully, and said, "O father, you are afraid of this tiny lizard. What would you have done if it was a huge one, as in days of old?"

"You shall remain unmarried till this lizard grows to your size! That is what I will do!" the King said still angry with the poor child.

"Do not say so, sire," the courtiers protested. "She did it out of innocence. You should not take her so seriously."

"My word is law!" the King growled, becoming more angry.

The governess came to know of this. She embraced the child





and wept, saying, "O my darling, you will never be married."

"Don't weep, auntie!" the child said to her. "The lizard will grow big."

"Remember Brahma's curse, my dear," the governess said. "It won't grow any larger."

So, everyday, innocent Indu would pray secretly to Brahma, "O Lord! Revoke your curse! Let the lizard grow as big as I!"

Maybe, Brahma did concede to her request, or this lizard was different from other lizards; for the lizard began to grow an

inch everyday, until finally it was the size of a crocodile.

The person who was most glad of this was the King himself.

One day the Minister broached the subject of Indu's marriage to the King, and asked him what he intended to do about it.

"Take out the heart of the lizard which has been reared by the Princess. We shall exhibit it publicly. The one who will be able to indentify the animal to which the heart belonged shall wed the Princess. Make this known in all the countries."

The lizard was put to death. Its heart was taken out and put into a glass jar. The day of Indu's wedding was decided upon and a proclamation to that effect was sent out everywhere.

The governess felt that it was an utterly foolish idea. "The fool has done it again!" she said to herself. "His anger is silly and so is his affection. Now, who on earth can find out that this heart belonged to a lizard. Poor girl, she is not destined for marriage!"



The wedding day drew near. Guests were arriving, everyday, from various countries. The governess saw each one of the princes, and said to herself, "Ah, he is not fit to wipe her shoes!"

And then the Prince of the Parrot Island arrived. He was like the full moon in the sky—a fine, good-looking, gentle and cultured boy, born to marry Indu, as it were!

She returned to the palace and sent for one of the four hunchbacks that were among the palace servants. "Listen carefully, you!" she said to the hunchback when he came. "The selection of the Prince Consort will take place tomorrow. The suitors will be shown the heart inside the glass jar and the one who will guess correctly which animal the heart belonged to will wed the Princess. Now, I want you to go to the guest house tonight, meet the Prince of the Parrot Island alone, and inform him that the heart in the jar belonged to a lizard. After you carry out this job I shall give you a handsome



present. If, on the contrary, you inform this secret to anyone else you will lose your head!"

The hunchback nodded his head, but he neither went to the guest house that night, nor did he meet the Prince of the Parrot Island. The hunchback wanted to make better use of the secret which was entrusted to him and to marry the Princess himself. So, instead of going to the guest house, he went home and slept peacefully.

The next day, all the guests were invited to the palace. To



them the King said, "See this heart. The one who can find out the animal to which this heart belonged shall not only marry my daughter, but he shall have half my kingdom."

The guests began to guess at random. They exhausted the list of animals. But none mentioned any creature smaller than a dog, though some mentioned creatures as big as an elephant. After everyone had his turn, the hunchback stepped forward, and asked the King, "My lord, will I get the Princess and half the king-

dom if I can guess the animal to which this heart belonged.

"My word is irrevocable!" said the King boastfully. "Go ahead."

"That thing there is the heart of a lizard!" said the hunchback triumphantly.

There was a loud peal of laughter from the people assembled there.

"He is right!" the King announced solemnly. "It is the heart of a lizard. As I said, my word is irrevocable. The hunchback shall marry my daughter."





At once the hunchback was taken away and decorated and dressed for a bridegroom. Then followed a magnificent feast, with entertainments. The other three hunchbacks, who were also servants in the palace, entertained the guests with their antics. Then they approached their lucky comrade and said to him, "We rejoice in your luck, friend. Now that you are going to marry the Princess and become King, give us good gifts!"

At this the bridegroom got wild. He got up from his seat

at the table, kicked the erstwhile companions, and shouted, "Get away, you hunchbacked devils!"

The Princess who witnessed this pitied the poor fellows, and whispered into her maid's ear, "Take those three fellows to my chamber. I shall go there presently and give them gifts."

Soon the feast was over and the Princess went upstairs to her chamber where the hunchbacks were awaiting her. Indu bolted the door and began to empty her boxes in order to find some suitable gifts for them.







As she was engaged thus, there was a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" she asked. In reply she heard the voices of her father and the bridegroom.

Indu had to hide the hunchbacks. She signed to them to get into her boxes, closed the lids over them, and locked the boxes. Then she went and opened the door. The King and the hunchback stepped inside.

They stayed there for a long while. The King told her at length how their family had been renowned for its truthfulness,

how right it was for a daughter to obey her father without question, and how dutiful a woman should be to her husband whoever he be. He then went on to mention that quite a few crowned heads were hunchbacks. He went on lecturing her till sunset, then he departed with the bridegroom in order to inspect the wedding preparations. The wedding itself was to take place at midnight.

Princess Indu closed the door behind them and unlocked her boxes only to find the three hunchbacks dead from suffocation. She sent for her governess and told her everything.

The governess went out of the palace and found a strong-limbed wood-cutter. "My man," she said to him, "I shall give you ten rupees if you can pick up a sack at the palace, carry it to the sea, and dump it into it. After you finish the job you will get twenty more."

Thirty rupees was a large amount to the wood-cutter, so he readily agreed.



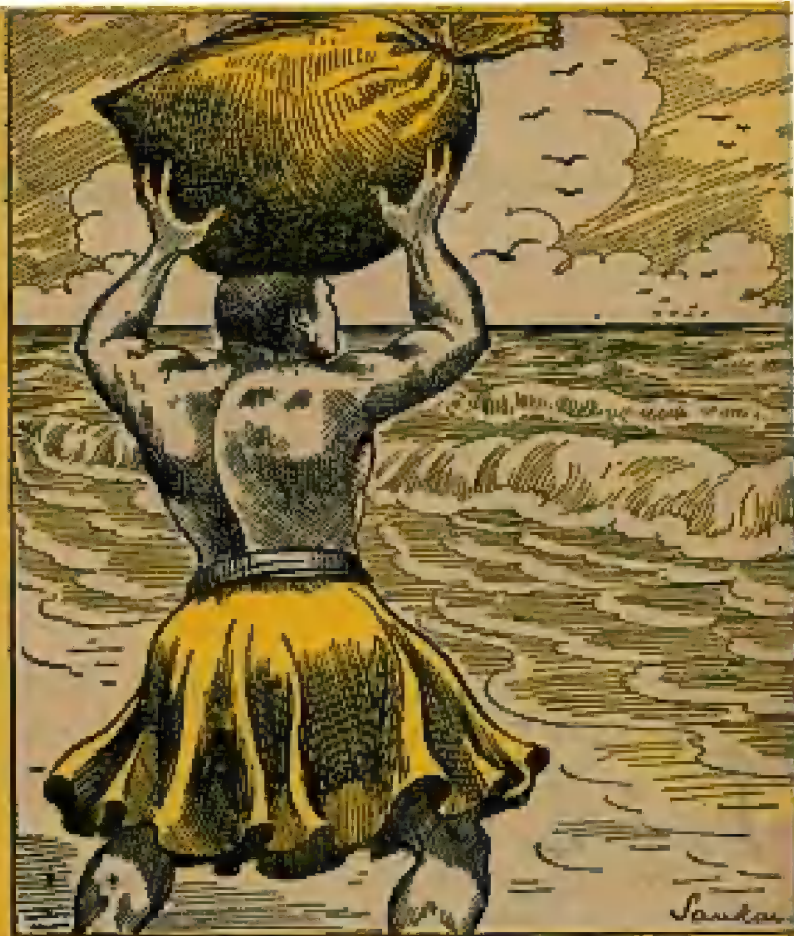
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The governess returned to the palace with the wood-cutter. In the Princess' chamber he was shown a sack. He put it on his head and went to the sea. Having thrown it in the water, he came back for the rest of the amount. What was his surprise when he saw the sack again in the same place!

"This sack is tricky," the governess said to the wood-cutter. "See how it fooled you and came back. Be careful so that it will not fool you again."

This time the wood-cutter went far out into the sea before he dumped the sack into it. And yet, he found the sack where it was when he came back.

The wood-cutter was mad with anger. The third time he took the sack to the sea, he did not throw it away as before. He opened the sack and found the dead hunchback in it. "You think you can fool me by pretending to be dead, eh?" said the wood-cutter. He cut up the dead body with his hand-axe and threw the bits into the water.



He took the empty sack and came back to the palace.

As he came on to the staircase that led up to the chamber of the Princess he saw another person going up the steps ahead of him. It was the hunchbacked bridegroom.

"Burn me, if he hasn't fooled me again!" the wood-cutter exclaimed. He rushed up the stairs, caught hold of the bridegroom and strangled him to death with his powerful hands. Then he pushed him into the sack, took it away and burned the thing to



ashes. He scattered the ashes in the sea and came back very late in the night.

"Madam," he said to the governess, "what a job I had getting rid of that sack!"

"Why are you so late?" she asked him.

"Madam," replied the wood-cutter, "the hunchback fooled me thrice. The fourth time I saw him again coming up the stairs. Dressed like a bridegroom he was too! I got tired of him and burnt him to ashes and threw the ashes in the sea!"

When they heard what the wood-cutter said, both the governess and the Princess were besides themselves with joy.

They gave him a full purse of coins. The wood-cutter bowed to them thankfully, and departed.

It was nearly midnight and the King was wondering what had happened to the bridegroom, when the governess went to him, and said, "Sire, an unfortunate thing happened. The bridegroom was coming up the staircase when he slipped, fell, broke his neck and died. I wanted to avoid commotion, so I got him cremated secretly. I submit to Your Highness that the wedding need not be cancelled because of this mishap. For, among our guests, there is the Prince of Parrot Island who will make an admirable match for our dear Indu!"

The King took the tip and married his daughter Indu to the Prince. No one was sorry for this mysterious change of bridegrooms and the wedding was a great success.





## A CLEVER MONKEY

A certain monkey living on the bank of a river wanted to cross the river and go to the other bank where there were plenty of fruit. But there was no way of crossing the river.

So the monkey approached a crocodile swimming on the bank and said, "Friend, how are you? I always see you alone. I suppose you have no kith and kin?"

"But I have! There are so many of us that we can block the river if we want!" replied the crocodile.

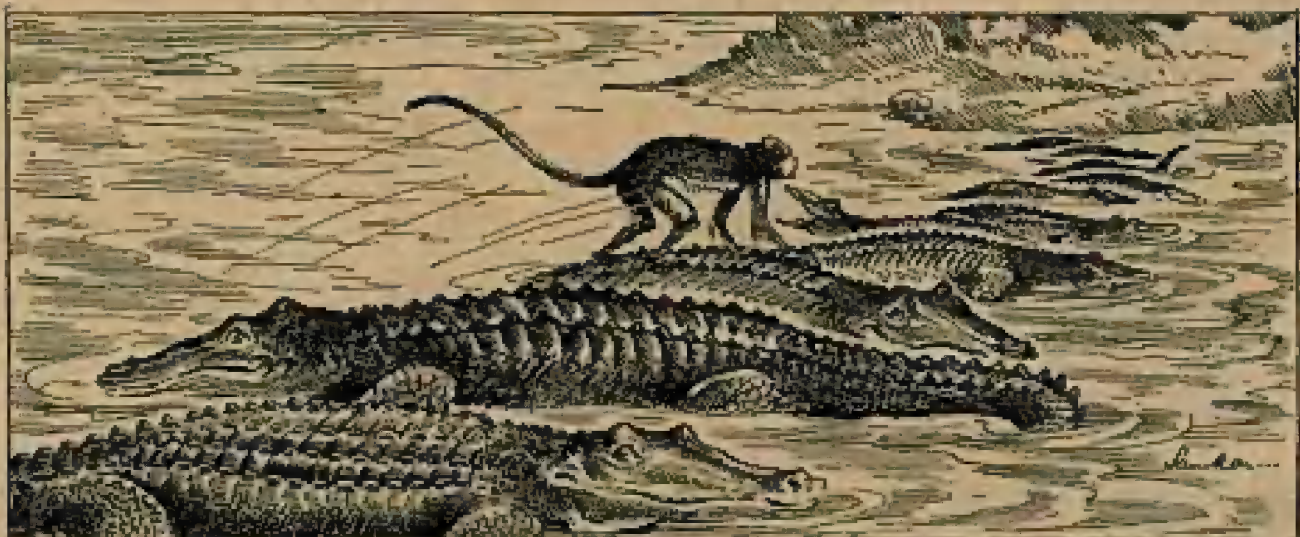
"Ah, you exaggerate," said the monkey. "I can't believe it unless I see it with my own eyes!"

"Wait a moment!" said the crocodile. He slipped into the river, called all the other crocodiles and got them to lie across the width of the river.

"My!" said the monkey. "I think there are almost two dozens of you!"

"Two dozens!" shouted the crocodile. "There are more than a hundred. Count us if you want!"

"I will!" said the monkey. He jumped on to the back of the first crocodile, saying, "One!" He jumped on to the back of the next crocodile and the next, counting each one, until he was on the other side. "Thank you, friend!" the monkey shouted, "for helping me cross the river!"





A detailed illustration on the left side of the page shows a man in a yellow tunic and a turban standing in a circular basket. The basket is suspended from a tall, slender wooden pole that extends from the bottom of the frame towards the top. The man is holding a large, open umbrella. The background features a stylized sky with clouds and a bird in flight. The entire scene is framed by a decorative, torn-edge border.

# SINDBAD THE SAILOR

WHILE we are undergoing hardships we wonder how we can endure them and when they will come to an end. But, once we pass them and fall upon happy times, we find pleasure in looking back upon them, and wonder why we worried so much about them.

Despite my three voyages of extreme hardships and the fact that I was leading a very happy and luxurious life, I began to feel that it was better that I should be abroad gaining experience rather than sitting at home and idling away my time in pleasures. Also, I was taken up with the desire to trade and make money. Soon this urge was so strong in me that I could not spend another day at home. The wandering urge was upon me once again.

Destiny seemed to push me out of my house. Leaving my home and properties, I journeyed to Basrah with cargo which

FOURTH VOYAGE

CHITRA



cost me more than what I had ever paid in the past. There I embarked on a big ship in which several other merchants of Basrah were sailing.

This ship was a very fast going vessel. It went from one country to another and from one island to another in no time. Wherever we touched shore we had brisk trade and handsome profit. But, one day, the captain of the ship dropped anchor in mid-ocean and cried, "This is the end!"

Even as he uttered these words, a fierce gale began to blow over

the waters, causing breakers to rise sky-high and hit the ship with the strength of a thousand elephants. In a matter of a few moments the ship was torn into splinters and the waters swallowed up our precious cargo. What was worse, most of the merchants were swallowed up by the ocean along with their property.

Fortunately, I and a few other merchants caught hold of some floating planks. The mighty waves tossed us about for several hours and then the wind hurled us on to an unknown shore. By







then we were more dead than alive. So we lay for the night in the sand where we landed, and went to sleep.

Next morning we felt somewhat better. So we made for the interior. After marching for sometime, we saw a large building in front of us. While we were gaping at it, several dark persons rushed out of it and came towards us. I saw that they were wearing skins instead of clothes. Without uttering a word they herded us inside the building. There I saw a big hall with a high seat on

which sat the King. He motioned to us to sit.

In the twinkling of an eye the dark people set before us plates filled with strange meat curries. I could not bring myself even to touch them, but my comrades who were quite hungry pounced upon the food and began to gobble it up greedily. It was very fortunate for me that I did not eat that food, as later events showed.

The more my friends ate that food the more hungry they appeared to become. For hours they went on consuming whatever was served in their plates. And the effect the food had upon them was quite uncanny. I saw my friends swell with the food inch by inch. Their stomachs kept growing and so did their appetites. I was shocked to see no sign of their hunger being satiated.

While my friends ate, the dark men went on smearing their bodies with some sort of ointment. Evidently this ointment helped their appetites to remain unsatiated. It also had another effect on them: they began to



resemble animals in their manner of eating. It was a beastly sight.

Naturally I could not touch the food before me, having observed the effect it was having on my friends. The dark men tried to anoint me too, but I resisted. I could easily see that these people were cannibals and that they were feeding my friends only to fatten them before killing them. I learned that the King required one roasted man a day, while the others ate raw men.

Having understood these things, I began to fear for myself and my comrades, who were no longer normal human beings. They appeared to have lost their intelligence to the same extent that their stomachs were swollen. Soon they were no better than the cattle which were to be slaughtered and the dark people drove them to the meadows where they could graze!

I became lean and dry with fear and hunger. The skin stretched tight over my bones. Those dark people lost all interest in me. They clean forgot me. So



I easily managed to slip out of the building and began to walk across the island. On the way I came upon my friends who were being driven like cattle by the dark people. Hiding behind trees, I managed to keep out of their sight.

I walked throughout the night. In my anxiety to escape from the cannibals, I did not think of sleep at all. I must have walked six days and six nights without pause before I reached a place where normal human beings lived.



This place was a city on the opposite side of the island. The people surrounded me speaking my language. It was a long time since I had heard my language and I told them what I had passed through. They congratulated me for my having come out alive from such ghastly experiences, and gave me food and drink.

After an hour's rest I was ready to go with them to their King. These good people paddled me across to another isle where their King was living.

This island which was the capital was very thickly populated. I saw all sorts of commodities in the shops. The streets were clean and wide. I saw several persons passing along these streets, riding horses without saddles.

So, in my very first interview with the King, I asked him, "Master, how is it that people in your land ride horses without saddles? Is it not much more comfortable to ride with a saddle?"

"What are saddles?" the King asked me puzzled.





"In that case," I said to him, "permit me to prepare a saddle for you in a couple of days. You can see for yourself how comfortable and convenient it is to ride in."

The King agreed. I engaged a capable carpenter and instructed him how to prepare a saddle of wood. I covered it with a soft padding and decorated it with gold embroidery and coloured tassels. Then I went to a blacksmith and got a bit and a pair of spurs prepared according to my instructions. I would not let him

leave out the minutest of my instructions.

Having got all the necessary things ready, I proceeded to the King's stable and selected the best horse. I arranged the saddle on its back and the bit in its mouth. I decorated the horse's neck with a collar with blue tufts. Then I took it before the King. The King got into the saddle and rode the horse.

He realised the comfort of a saddle and bridle, praised my skill and gave me good deal of money and many gifts.





Then the minister approached me with the request that I should provide his own horse, too, with a saddle and bridle. I did so. Soon all the important people in the city were buying saddles from me for their horses and paying me good money. In a very short time I became one of the richest men in the land.

The King was very friendly towards me. "Look, Sindbad," he said to me, one day. "You are my closest friend, and I cannot look upon you as a stranger even if I try. So I want you to do me a favour."

"Master," I replied, "you have only to order me!"

"Well then," he said, "I want you to marry a very handsome lady of noble birth, great wealth and accomplishments.

I know that you will not leave me if you marry her and settle down here. Do not deny me this, Sindbad!"

I did not know what to say to him. My mind was in confusion. I bowed my head in order to avoid looking at him.

"Why are you silent?" he asked me.

"Master," I replied, "I am your slave. Do what you please with me."

At once, he sent for the bride, the *kadi* and the witnesses, and got me married without delay. My wife was not only a graceful woman but she was also quite wealthy, having many houses, lands and other possessions. The King gave us a palace to live in and provided us with innumerable slaves. (To be continued)







## PATERNAL LOVE

**KING** Soora-varma, who once ruled Patali, was a very cruel person. He was as valourous in war as he was merciless to those who were defeated by him. In his rule, even petty crimes were punished with death.

And the death sentence was carried out in the most brutal manner. The criminal was neither hanged nor beheaded, he was made to fight with wild animals caught in the jungle. Soora-varma witnessed with joy the sight of lions and tigers tearing the poor victims to death.

Though the King was such a cruel man he was extremely fond of his son, Chandra-varma. He was his only child. Unlike his cruel father, Chandra-varma was an exceedingly gentle and kind-

hearted boy. He could not make anyone unhappy in the least way.

Chandra-varma had a very dear friend named Subuddhi. They were not only of the same age, but they looked very much alike, as though they were twins.

The two boys were taught by the same teacher who taught them archery and sword-play too. They were twenty years old, when Soora-varma marched against the kingdom of Jayanta. They were given the first opportunity to fight in this war. They had never seen fighting before.

It was not a prolonged war. King Ranajit of Jayanta suffered a heavy defeat, left his palace and hid himself in a secret place in the forest, known to few.





The first thing that attracted Soora-varma's attention when he entered the palace was the tearful Princess Oormila. She was of very rare beauty and charm. She was the only child of King Ranajit of Jayanta. Soora-varma fell in love with her at the very first sight. He thought that the Princess was worth more than his victory in war and the kingdom which he had conquered.

Prince Chandra-varma also fell in love with Princess Oormila, the moment he set eyes on her. But her tears caused him much

distress. He was sorry that he, too, should have a hand in the victory over Jayanta, which was the cause of the girl's distress. He was also afraid that his merciless father might get the Princess or her father killed by the wild beasts.

Finding an opportunity to talk to the Princess alone, Chandra-varma said to her, "Please stop worrying about the defeat. Your tears distress me most. I wish I were lying dead in the battlefield rather than see you weep. I shall talk to my father and see that he signs the peace in such a manner that it will not disgrace either side. I am sure my father will not deny me this."

In the beginning Oormila did not have a good opinion of Chandra-varma; he was one from the enemy camp. But she soon changed her mind, and gradually began to put all her hopes in him.

Soora-varma never thought his son, too, was in love with Princess Oormila. On the other hand, he suspected that the Princess was trying to befriend



the boy in order to gain something for her father. He thought of preventing his son from falling into her clutches. So he sent for Chandra-varma, and said to him, "Son, King Ranajit has escaped. There is no one with whom I can sign the peace. I have ordered a search for the missing King. I am afraid this affair will take time. And I want you to stay in the camp and look after it, so that there won't be any disorderliness there. I shall send for you at the time of the signing of the peace treaty."

Chandra-varma had to leave for the camp, though he hated parting from the sweet Princess. "Brother," he told Subuddhi, before he left, "keep in touch with the Princess. She has now none in the world except you and I. You know how hard-hearted my father is. I want you to send me news everyday. I also depend upon you to keep the Princess cheerful!" Then he went away to the military camp.

As soon as Chandra-varma departed, Soora-varma went to



see the Princess, and said to her kindly, "I want you to look upon me as a friend, not a foe. I do not intend to do harm either to your family or to your country. I stipulate only one condition in order to sign the peace treaty with your father. That condition is that you shall marry me. I want this to be conveyed to your father."

He also instructed his guards not to treat the Princess like a prisoner, but to let her move about freely inside the palace. At the same time he set two



reliable men to spy upon the Princess and her movements.

Oormila conveyed Soora-varma's message to the Minister so that he could pass it on to her father in his hide-out. Then she sent for Subuddhi. Soora-varma's spy saw Subbudhi enter the chamber of the Princess, and informed King Soora-varma about it. Soora-varma ordered his soldiers to arrest Subuddhi and throw him into prison at once.

Before this order was executed Subuddhi managed to learn from

the Princess that Soora-varma intended to marry her, while she, in her turn, was in love with his son. Subuddhi promised the Princess that he would send this news to Chandra-varma, but before he could do so, he was arrested and imprisoned.

King Ranajit got the Minister's massage. He left his hide-out and returned to the palace by a secret passage. He expressed his willingness to give his daughter, Oormila, in marriage to King Soora-varma. The same day was fixed for both the signing of the





peace treaty and the marriage of the Princess with the King.

Meanwhile, Prince Chandra-varma eagerly awaited his friend's message. But there was none. He got perturbed. He heard certain rumours in the camp and they upset him still more. It was said that the defeated King was back, that a treaty would be signed soon, that the date was fixed when the soldiers were to return home and so forth.

Unable to bear the awful suspense, Chandra-varma left the camp, one night, and started

for the city, in ordinary dress. On the way he heard people say that his father was going to marry Princess Oormila next day. He also learned that his friend, Subuddhi, was imprisoned for treachery. Chandra-varma entered the fort and straightway went to the prison. There he told the guards who he was, and ordered them to take him to Subuddhi.

"My lord," the guards said to him, "the poor man is going to be killed by lions, tomorrow. It is not good to talk to him now."







Chandra-varma's stomach turned at the news.

"Yes, yes!" he said. "I have to get some secret information from him, right now. It will be too late tomorrow! Take me to him at once."

One of the guards accompanied the Prince to Subuddhi's cell. Though it was past midnight, Subuddhi was not asleep. He sat against the wall in a corner of the cell with his face in his hands, and elbows on knees.

Chandra-varma called him by name. Subuddhi did not look

up. "Who are you?" he said. "I have nothing to say to you. Get out of here!"

Chandra-varma signalled to the guard and sent him away. Then he closed the door of the cell, approached Subuddhi, and said, "It is I, Subuddhi, Chandra-varma!"

Subuddhi got up with a start, and embraced his friend.

"Let us change clothes," the Prince said. "I'll take your place in the cell and you'll get away in my clothes!"

"Never!" said Subuddhi emphatically. "They are throwing me to the lions, tomorrow!"

"But it was I that brought it upon you," the Prince said. "Why should you die? Put on my clothes at once!"

Subuddhi did not yield for a long time. In the end the Prince had to order him to do his bidding. They then changed clothes. The Prince sat against the wall exactly as Subuddhi had done, while Subuddhi went out. The guard came back, took one look at the prisoner in the corner,



locked the door and went away, without suspecting anything.

The day of Soora-varma's wedding dawned. The guests were to be entertained with the spectacle of the prisoner's fight with a lion, before the wedding took place. An arena was built up for the fight right in the middle of the court. The lion was brought into this arena.

King Soora-varma sat on a high seat with King Ranajit and Princess Oormila on either side of him. Besides them there were a number of soldiers, officers and common people come to witness the ghastly spectacle.

Then Chandra-varma was brought out of his cell. They gave him a lance and a shield and pushed him into the arena. His hair was disheveled, and no one could identify him in the prisoner's clothes. Even King Soora-varma mistook him for Subuddhi.

The lion, at first, looked at him once and turned his head away indifferently. Soora-varma ordered loud trumpets to be blown



near the lion in order to enrage him through fear. Then he shook his mane and jumped at Chandra-varma. Chandra-varma covered himself with the shield, and jumped aside. He tried, but failed, to reach him with his lance. The lion was now well roused. He roared frightfully and attacked the Prince with his forepaws. This time the Prince managed to wound the lion.

Unable to witness this unequal battle between man and beast, Princess Oormila covered her face with her hands. The fight gave



joy to none save Soora-varma. He observed that the prisoner was managing remarkably well to keep himself alive. But he was anxious and even eager to see the beast outdo the man.

While the fate of the Prince hung in the balance, a man ran to King Soora-varma, shouting, "O King, save the Prince! Let not the lion kill him!"

Soora-varma saw Subuddhi and recognised him at once. He knew that the man fighting the lion was not Subuddhi, but his own son. He felt that he was going mad. "Save my son! Save him from the lion—my son!" he shouted.

The moment Princess Oormila realised that it was Chandra-varma who was defending himself against the lion, she fell down

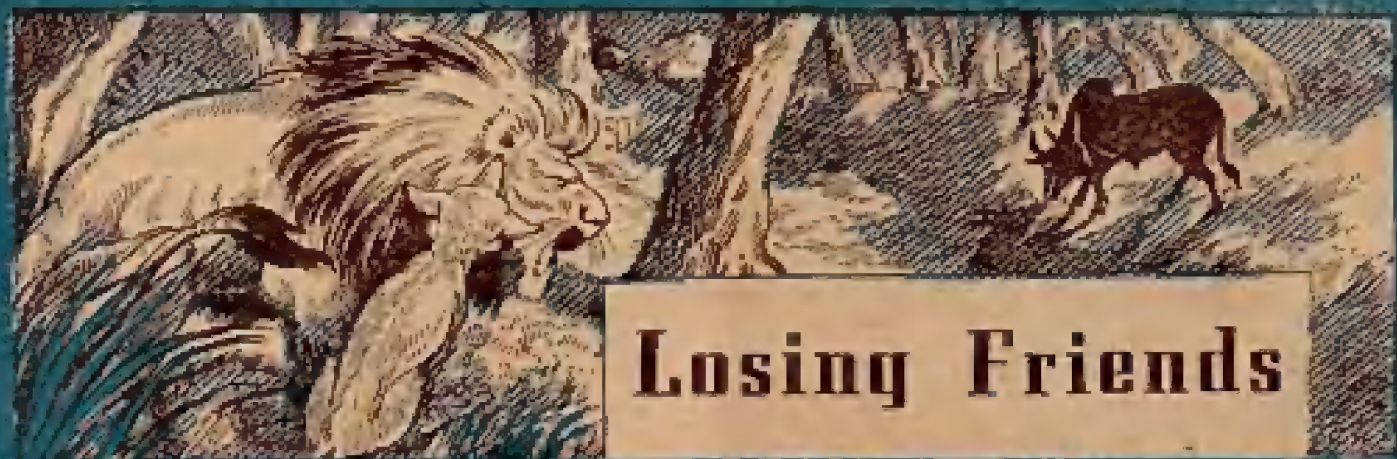
in a swoon. There was consternation among the people. It seemed to affect the lion too. Suddenly Chandra-varma got the chance which he had been waiting for, and he pierced the lion to its heart, while it looked away in distress at the noise the people were making. The lion uttered a sharp grunt, and fell down dead.

Soora-varma was a changed man. He embraced his son and wept like a woman. He had many times enjoyed the sight of a tiger or a lion killing a man. But it now pained him indescribably to think that he had wanted to see a lion kill his own son. The pain lasted all his life, and he indulged in warfare and man-and-beast fights no more.

Princess Oormila was married to Prince Chandra-varma.







## Losing Friends

ONCE upon a time a carpenter and a weaver lived in the same village. They were very close friends from their boyhood.

Now, there was a festival in the village. There were crowds of people who had come from all over the country. Among them were actors, dancers and songsters. The two friends roamed together amidst the crowds.

Presently the Princess of the place arrived on an elephant. The two friends saw the Princess and the weaver fell in love with her instantly. The fellow was in such a state of mind that the carpenter had to take him home and revive him. When the weaver came back to his normal senses, his friend asked him, "What was the matter with you?"

"O I wish I were dead!" the weaver moaned. "Why do you ask me? No one can help me!"

"Why do you despair, my friend?" the carpenter asked. "Tell me everything and I shall help you out of your trouble!"

Touched with the solicitude of his friend, the weaver said:

"O, friend, I am enraptured with the girl on the elephant, and I cannot get her out of my mind. You cannot help me in this matter because she is the King's daughter. I may not even see her again, let alone marry her!"

"Is this all that troubles you?" the carpenter said. "See if I don't get her for your wife. Look, I will manage to send you into the chamber of the Princess, where even a fly is not permitted





to enter. With wits one can achieve anything, you know!"

Then he proceeded to manufacture a flying bird, a conch, a disc, a club and a crown which were the necessary adjuncts of Lord Vishnu. Then he made the weaver look something like Vishnu, and acquainted him with the mechanism of the flying bird.

The weaver thanked his friend, mounted the bird, pressed a button and flew into the air. He alighted on the balcony of the chamber of the Princess in the dead of the night.

"My dear," he said to the Princess, "I am so much in love with you that I have come for you, ignoring my own divine mate, Lakshmi!"

Said the Princess: "O Lord! You are the King of the three worlds, whereas I am an ordinary mortal!"

Said the weaver: "O my precious! When I was Krishna you were my true love, Radha. Now you are born on earth."

Said the Princess: "Tell this to my father, Lord. With his consent I will come away with you."

Said the weaver: "Oh, no! No mortal may set eyes on me. Why bring in your father? Let Love perform our marriage. If you refuse me I'll curse your father and turn him into a heap of ashes, and go my way. Hesitate not, but accept me!"

At last he made the girl yield to him, and made her his.

From then on he visited her night after night, stayed with her till dawn and returned home.

A few weeks went by. The guards noticed certain unmistak-



able changes in the Princess. They were shocked, they whispered among themselves and then went to the King and told him of the shocking news. The King consulted the Queen. The Queen then sent for her daughter and took her to task.

“O Mother,” said the Princess, “I am not to blame. It is Lord Vishnu himself who comes to me night after night. He has married me in the Gandharva style.”

To verify the truth of what the girl said the King and Queen concealed themselves that night and saw Lord Vishnu alight on the balcony of their daughter's chamber, bird, conch, disc, club and all. They concluded that it was their great luck that Lord Vishnu should fall in love with their daughter. With such a son-in-law, the King thought, he could do anything with impunity. He picked up quarrels with his neighbours. He provoked the rulers of many a country around, till they all joined together and marched upon him. The King approached his daughter, and



said, “My child, tell your husband that these insignificant rulers have dared to attack me. It is a disgrace to Lord Vishnu himself if his wife's father can be attacked like this by ordinary scum.”

That night the Princess said to her lover, “Lord, how dare these fellows make war on my poor father when you are his own son-in-law? It is not fair. You must aid my father and bring him victory.” Hearing this, the weaver nodded his head as the Lord of the Universe should.





# THE WARNINGS

VIKRAM once again went back to the tree, took the corpse down, threw it across his shoulder and began to walk towards the burial-ground, when the Bethal of the corpse said, "O King, have you realised that, inspite of all your efforts, that which is to happen will happen, and that you cannot change it a bit? There was once a youth named Kunala, who failed to realise this, and lost his own life. Let me tell you about him." Then he narrated the following tale:

Kunala was a young man with an uncommonly kind heart. He was a jolly fellow too. He decided to go to the capital and find work there.

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Stories of Bethal

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His path lay west, across a forest and a meadow, and over the hills. He left his village early in the morning and walked on, with the sun behind him, till he reached the forest at about noon. Inside the forest it would be cool and walking in it would be a pleasure. It would not be very hot by the time he came out of the forest.

As Kunala was about to enter the forest he heard a deep voice say, "Kunala, don't enter the forest lest you commit murder!" He could not judge where the voice came from, nor from how far. Thinking that someone was playing a prank upon him, he searched for the person who spoke, but found no one.

He ignored the warning, for he was in a light-hearted mood. He proceeded forward carefully under the shade of trees. He was such a nice fellow that he hated the very idea of having to kill someone. But, after all, he met no one in the forest, and he reached the other end without the slightest mishap.



Kunala laughed within himself for having taken the voice seriously. The sun was still quite hot, so he lay down under the trees awhile and took a nap. The rays of the slanting sun woke him up. He had still got to cross the meadow, and to climb up and down the hills to reach the city. So he left the forest and set foot in the meadow, when he heard the same voice speak.

"Kunala, do not cross the meadow lest you bring misery to the country!"





"Who are you?" Kunala shouted back in anger. "Why do you try to frighten me? I do not believe you. You said that I would commit murder. I've murdered no one."

"But you did!" the voice replied. "A slug got crushed under your foot, while you were walking through the forest."

"How could I help it?" Kunala said. "Any one could have done a thing like that. It is a lie that I shall bring misery to the country by crossing the meadow!"

The voice was silent. Kunala proceeded forward.

The sun had already set when he reached the hills. But he knew that the sun still shone on the other side of the hill. He began to climb the hill, when the voice spoke again: "Kunala, do not climb the hill lest you die!"

Kunala was furious. "Why do you frighten me?" he shouted. "Do you take me for a coward? You said that I would bring misery to the country by crossing the meadow. I crossed it. What misery did I bring to the country?"

"But you did!" the voice replied. "While crossing the meadow you came across a swarm of butterflies of which one was greatly frightened because of you. It will fly as far as the capital. It will then lay its eggs on one of the trees there. A certain caterpillar that comes out of one of those eggs will crawl on to the pregnant Queen's neck. She will have an abortion because of the fright. The King will have no more children. His worthless



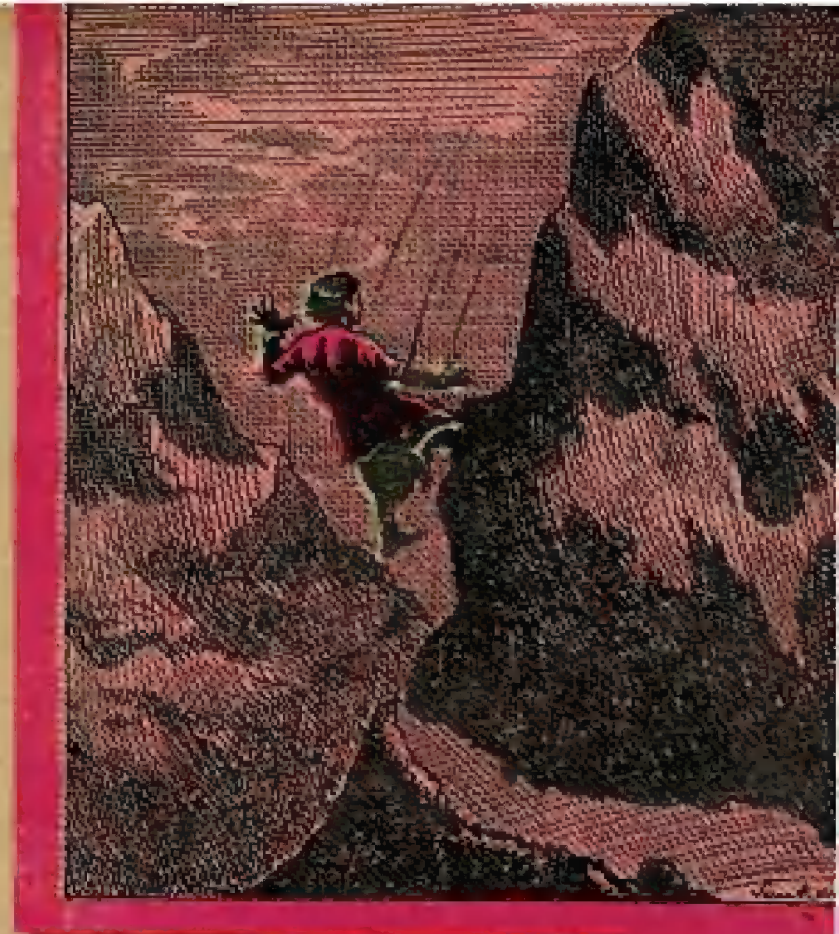
brother will become King after him, and rule the country so inefficiently that enemies will take possession of it. And you will be the cause of all this tragedy!"

"Every action will have a reaction," Kunala said. "I will not be made responsible for something that is going to take place at some future date."

He began to climb the hill and reached the top in time to see some twilight on the other side. He laughed triumphantly and challenged the voice, saying, "You see, I have climbed the hill and I am still alive."

"Why should I lie to you?" the voice replied. "Those who climb hills should come down again. I tell you, you are already dead to the world. For you are going to see no one and no one is going to see you before you die!"

Kunala was frightened. Twilight was fading fast. He thought it was risky going down the hill in the dark, and thought of remaining on the top all the night. But on second thoughts,



fear looked like a useless thing. If the voice belonged to a supernatural creature and if it was speaking with foreknowledge, he was doomed to die. If, on the contrary, the voice did not know what it was saying, he could very easily ignore it.

Kunala began to climb down hill. After a while his foot slipped on the rocks, and he had a great fall, on account of which he died. Some time later, the Queen of the country who was with child fell into a swoon, one day, when a caterpillar crawled



on to her neck. She lost the child, had no more children all her life, and the throne passed on to the King's brother. This worthless ruler brought about anarchy in the Kingdom as a result of which the country went into alien hands.

Having finished the tale, Bethal said, "O King, I have a doubt. Was Kunala wrong in not listening to the warnings? Had he not incurred the sins of committing murder, bringing ruin upon the land and, lastly, the sin of suicide? If you know the answer and yet do not speak, your head shall split!"

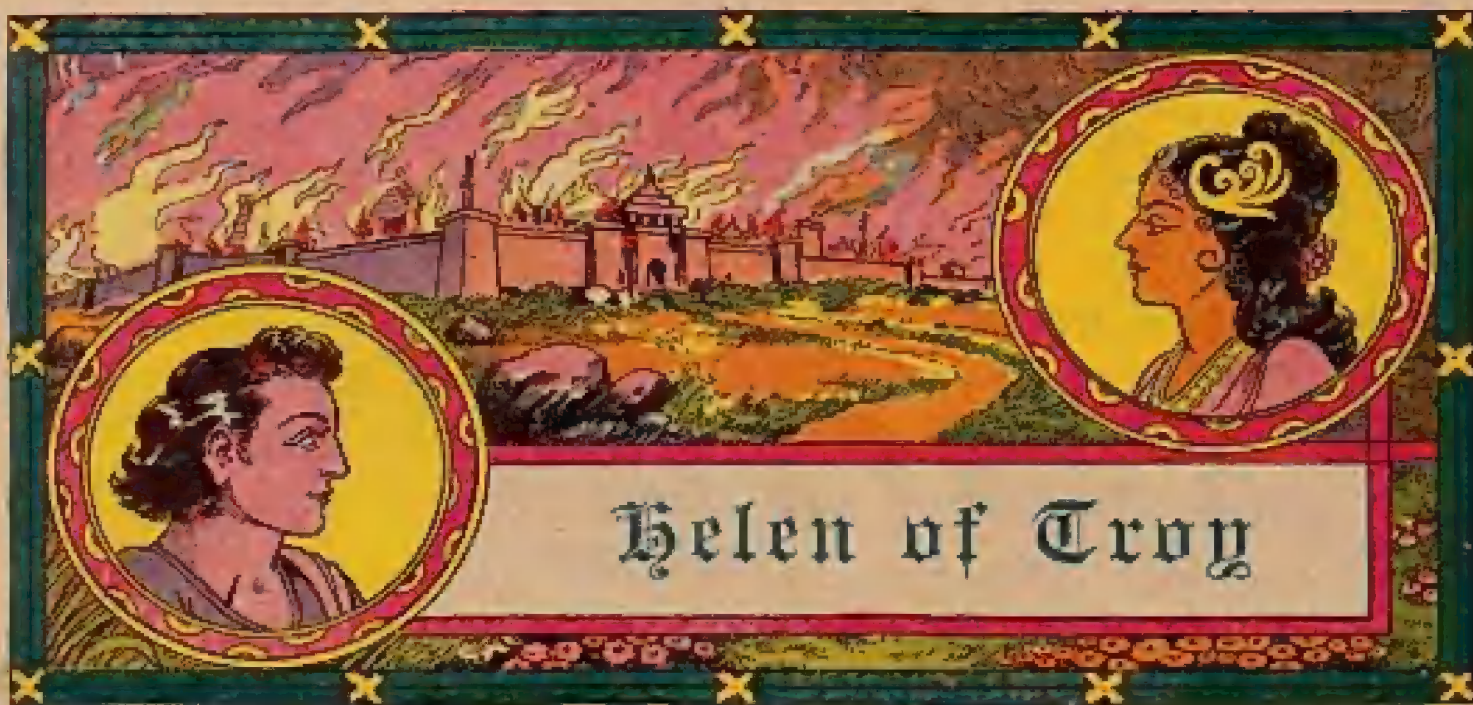
"Kunala did no wrong, nor did he sin," Vikram replied. "The supernatural voice knew the future, but it had not the capacity to alter it. For, if it had, it would have informed him at

the outset what exactly would happen. For instance, if Kunala was informed that a slug would die under his foot if he walked into the forest, he would certainly have turned back, and the act would have been avoided. But the voice did not have the capacity to prevent Kunala from walking into the forest, crossing the meadow or climbing the hill. If a supernatural agency with knowledge of the future could not alter things, how could an ordinary mortal like Kunala help killing the slug, bringing ruin upon his country or dying from a fall? So Kunala must be considered as absolutely innocent."

The King's silence was thus broken and Bethal disappeared with the corpse and went back to the tree.







## 4

(Having failed to get Helen back by peaceful means, Menelaus decided to wage war on Troy. He requested all the Greek princes to join him in the expedition. He had the right to ask for their help, but many of them showed reluctance to join the expedition. Odysseus pretended to be insane. Achilles, without whom the expedition would have been impossible, disguised himself like a lady. Still the expedition took place and the Greek ships touched land near Troy.)

**PROTESILAUS** was the first to land from the Greek ships. He was followed by Achilles and the rest of the Greek warriors. Then there was a great fight between the Greeks and the Trojans.

Among the Trojans there was one Cynus who was invul-

nerable. He would not die either by sword or spear. In the first battle he killed several hundred Greeks. Finally Achilles confronted him. They fought for a long time and then Cynus stumbled on a stone and fell down. Promptly Achilles knelt on his chest and strangled him

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A GREEK MYTH

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to death. After the death of Cycnus, the Trojans broke and fled back to their city, closely followed by the Greeks.

Then the Greeks anchored their ships behind a stockade and laid siege to Troy. This siege lasted for ten years. During the first nine years there was very little of fighting between both sides, but several incidents occurred during this lull.

King Priam of Troy had two wives, of whom Hecabe was the

second. She was the mother of Paris. Hector, the greatest of Trojan warriors, was her eldest son.

Among her nineteen sons there was one Troilus. It was predicted that Troy would not fall if Troilus could attain the age of twenty.

So Achilles decided to kill Troilus at any cost. He went in search of Troilus, found him exercising his horses in the precincts of a temple and killed





him with a spear. The Trojans mourned for Troilus as much as they did for Hector sometime later.

Lycaon was another son of Priam. One night, he was in the garden, cutting fig-tree shoots for chariot-rails, when Achilles sneaked up to him and captured him. Then he took him to his camp.

The Greeks sold Lycaon as a slave to a king who supplied the Greek forces with wine.

Later, someone at the King's court saw him, took pity upon him and paid his price. Thus liberated, Lycaon was returning back to Troy, when Achilles saw him and killed him.

There was no fighting. Having nothing to do, Achilles took a band of soldiers with him and began to ravage the country around Troy. When Achilles went with his band of soldiers to Mount Ida he found there Aeneas with his cattlemen and







flocks. Aeneas was a cousin of Paris. He had accompanied Paris to Sparta when Paris went there to abduct Helen, and had helped him in the act. He was an abettor. Yet, when the Greeks declared war upon Troy, Aeneas chose to remain neutral. Neither he nor his soldiers took any part in the fight.

Now, Achilles and his band of soldiers fell upon the cattlemen, put them to death and took the flocks.

In the fight another son of Priam got killed, but Aeneas escaped and took refuge in a city. He had to escape once again when Achilles sacked this city.

After this incident Aeneas could no longer remain neutral, and he led his forces to Troy and joined the war. He was one of the greatest of warriors. Achilles, who made light of anyone, never despised him. As for the Trojans, they respected him almost as highly as they did Hector. During the war Aeneas was wounded several times, but he survived.

In fact, Aeneas was not destined to die in this war. His descendants were to become rulers of Troy.

There were several cities which were allies of Troy, and many of them were sacked and taken by Achilles. One of the kings who fell victim to Achilles was the father-in-law of Hector. He



was killed along with seven of his sons.

Not always did the victims belong to the enemy camp.

Once Agamemnon sent Odysseus to Thrace on a foraging expedition. Odysseus obeyed Agamemnon and went, but he returned empty-handed.

Palamedes, one of the Greek warriors, said to Odysseus, "You are a very lazy and cowardly man !"

"It was not my fault," cried Odysseus, "that no corn could be found. If Agamemnon had sent you in my place the same thing would have happened to you."

Palamedes took up the challenge, set sail at once and came back with a ship-load of grain. Odysseus's honour was wounded. He brooded for several days and, at last, hit upon a plan by which he might be avenged on Palamades.



One day, he sent the following message to Agamemnon :

"Last night, the gods appeared to me in my dream and warned me that treachery is afoot. The camp must be moved for a day and a night."

Agamemnon accepted the suggestion of Odysseus and gave the necessary orders to move the camp.

The Greeks left their camp and passed a day and a night elsewhere. Odysseus secretly





entered the deserted camp and buried a sackful of gold in the tent of Palamedes.

Then he got hold of a prisoner of war, and forced him to write a letter, as if from Priam to Palamedes, saying, "The gold that I have sent is the price you asked for betraying the Greek camp."

"Take this and deliver it to Palamedes at once," Odysseus told the prisoner. But he got the prisoner killed just outside

the camp before the letter was delivered to Palamedes.

When, next morning, the Greeks were returning back to their old camp, they discovered the dead prisoner and found the letter on him. It looked like a serious thing and the letter was sent to Agamemnon.

Agamemnon saw this letter, sent for Palamedes and charged him with treachery. Palamedes replied that he was not a traitor and that neither Priam nor anyone else ever gave him any gold.

Odysseus suggested that Palamedes' tent should be searched to know the truth.

The tent was searched and the gold was discovered. Palamedes was proved traitor. The usual punishment for a traitor was stoning him to death. So all the Greeks stoned Palamedes to death. He died crying, "Truth, you died before I did!"







Killing Palamedes was a treacherous thing. He was not only innocent, but he was also a gifted man.

He had invented dice for his comrades to while away the time with, during the siege of Troy. He had invented several other things. Among them were lighthouses, scales, measures, the alphabet and the art of posting sentinels.

In Greece, the father of Palamedes heard about the horrible murder of his son and journeyed to Troy to seek justice. "On what grounds did you kill my son?" he asked Agamemnon. "How could you prove that he was a traitor?"

It was likely that Agamemnon knew that Palamedes was innocent, and that Odysseus had had him killed treacherously. But because of his regard for Odysseus, he refused to listen to the old man.

Having failed to secure justice, the father of Palamedes journeyed back to Greece. He then went to the wives of some of the Greek warriors and said to each one of them, "Your husband is bringing back a Trojan concubine as his new queen."

Some of the women were so upset at this that they committed suicide. Thus the treacherous murder of Palamedes was avenged. *(To be continued)*







64/3





## THE CURE

LONG ago in a certain village there dwelt an aged couple belonging to the peasant class. They were poor as well as childless.

The peasant who was always short tempered grew worse as he advanced in years, and he was always cursing and beating his wife.

"How I wish somebody gave him a good hiding!" the suffering wife thought within herself.

One morning, the peasant awoke as usual, cursed and beat his wife, then went to the woods to cut wood as he was wont to do everyday.

He had just left when there was a knock on the door. His

wife opened the door and saw the servants from the house of the Zamindar standing outside.

"What do you want?" she asked them.

"Is there a doctor living around here?" they asked her.

"There certainly is," the wife replied, as a thought flashed through her mind. "My husband is himself an expert medicine man. Who is it that is ill, may I know?"

The servants informed her that it was the Zamindar's daughter who was ill. Several renowned doctors had tried to cure her, but failed. And the search was on for the less known doctors who knew specifics.



\*\*\*\*\*

"Where is this husband of yours?" the servants asked the peasant's wife.

"Ah, he has gone to the wood to bring some fire-wood," she replied.

"Fire-wood?" they asked in wonder. "Why should a medicine man go to the woods for fire-wood?"

"I may as well let you into the secret," she replied. "Fire-wood is only a pretext. He actually goes to the wood to pick rare herbs. You must keep it a secret. He lets no one know that he is a medicine man. He will even deny that he is one if you ask him. He will try to run away from the patient if you take him by force. Apply the rod in such a case, and you'll get something from him."

"We'll remember what you've told us," the Zamindar's servants said to her. "We know how to handle him. Thanks a lot!"



They soon found the peasant, cutting trees in the wood. "Aren't you the peasant so-and-so?" they asked him.

"yes and no!" the peasant replied sourly. "The answer depends upon why you want to know who I am." You see, he was short tempered.

"Well, good man," the Zamindar's servants said, "we want some urgent help from you. We know that you are a very capable person."



"Maybe," the peasant replied cautiously, "I'm capable of making legs for cots and stands, and things like that."

"No, no!" they protested. "We know that you are a capable doctor!"

"Then you are entirely wrong," the peasant said. "No one has ever seen me treat a single patient."

He wondered whether these queer men were in their right mind.

The servants of the Zamindar were already warned. His denial did not take them by surprise. They knew also what to do.

The peasant was shocked to see the men raise their sticks and hit him.

As they belaboured the poor peasant, the men went on saying, "So you aren't a medicine man, eh? you have never treated a patient, eh?"

The unfortunate fellow could not stand it anymore. "Lay off!"





he shouted. "I'm a doctor all right!"

"Now you're talking," said the servants. They took him straight to the Zamindar.

"You're welcome, doctor," the Zamindar said, "I've been anxiously waiting for you."

The peasant was at once led to the patient, who was lying on a cot.

"How do you feel, madam?" the peasant asked the Zamindar's daughter.

She groaned and said something which the ignorant peasant could not catch.

"She speaks some foreign tongue," the peasant complained to the Zamindar, "of which I know not a word."

"Sir," said the Zamindar, "the fact is that she became dumb all of a sudden. She is to be married soon. All the arrangements have been completed, and I'm in a terrible fix. I do not know what I shall do! What, in







your opinion, is the poor child ailing from?"

"Oh," said the peasant, "she is suffering from what is known as Dumbness."

"If you happen to know the cause for it..." the Zamindar said.

"Well, it's like this," the peasant explained. "You see, the tongue fails to function, because the nerves that move the tongue refuse to work. Why they refuse to work is explained in a masterly manner by Valmiki, in a

single *sloka*. Do you happen to know Sanskrit?... You don't? Well, it goes like this."

Here the peasant began to recite something very rapidly, to the utter amazement of the Zamindar.

When he at last paused for breath, the Zamindar put in, saying, "That is really wonderful. The human body is a great marvel. Vary few people know much about it. But, sir, I want to be enlightened on one point. We all know that the heart is on the left side. Then, how is it that you have pointed to your right side while reciting the *sloka*, when you uttered the word heart?"

"There's a reason for it," the peasant replied. "In good old times the heart was located on the left side of the body even as you say. But look at these horrid times. Nothing is as it should be."



“That must be it,” the Zamindar said. “You see, engaged with other things, I’m not very up-to-date in these matters.”

Then the peasant felt the pulse of the patient. “The disease is not too far gone yet,” he told the Zamindar. “Let the patient be fed with small morsels of cooked rice dipped in milk. That is the diet which suits parrots. And how prettily the parrots prattle, sustaining themselves on that diet!”

By now the Zamindar was convinced that the peasant was no ordinary doctor. He gave him a lot of money and begged him to pay another visit and see the patient.

Returning home from the Zamindar, the peasant saw a young man at his door-step. “Who are you, my friend?” he asked the young man.

“Sir,” the young man replied, “I hear that you are a great



doctor. No doubt you’ve already divined the fact that the Zamindar’s daughter is only pretending to be dumb. Only you may not know the cause for it. We’ve been in love with each other for a long time, but her father has chosen another husband for her. That is the real cause for her dumbness. I request you to let the Zamindar believe that she is really ill. That is the only way to frustrate the marriage.”



"I thought as much," said the peasant to the young man. "You've nothing to fear."

A few days later the peasant went to see the patient, accompanied by the young man. At a sign from the young man the patient sat up in bed and began to speak.

The Zamindar who was glad to see her speak again froze at what she said.

"I'm not going through with this marriage," the patient told her father. "This is the man I want for a husband, none else! I'll rather kill myself than marry another!"

In utter panic the Zamindar turned to the peasant and said,

"Oh, doctor! How I wish she were dumb! Can't you make her dumb again?"

"That's beyond me," the peasant replied. "But," he went on, "I can make you deaf, if you want."

"No, no!" said the Zamindar, horrified. "Let her marry whomsoever she chooses. I'm through with her."

The peasant returned home and reported to his wife how he had become a successful doctor. His wife was glad that he brought the money. She was still more glad when she found that he had given up the habit of cursing and beating her. He too had been cured!





# PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

MAY 1957

::

AWARD Rs. 10/-



- ★ Choose apt and significant captions for the above pair of photos. The captions should go in a pair, either words, phrases or short sentences.
- ★ The captions should reach us before 5th of March '57.

- The pair of captions considered best will be awarded Rs. 10/-
- ★ Please write legibly or type the captions on a postcard and address it to: "Chandamama Photo Caption Competition," Madras-26.

## RESULTS FOR MARCH

- Photo: A Show of Skill*
- Photo: Gives Us a Thrill*

*Contributed by :*

Edward D'Souza Guido, The Athenaeum Press,  
Swadeshi Mills Estate, Girgaum, Bombay-4

AWARD Rs. 10



## FROGS

**FROGS** are *amphibians*. The early part of their life is spent in water, but later they live on land too. The female frog lays her eggs in water. Quite a large number of eggs are laid and they are kept together by a jelly. The eggs grow into a bean shape, with one end larger than the other. The larger end is the head while the other is the tail.

The eggs hatch in a week and tadpoles come out. The tadpole has no eyes, it has a sucker instead of a mouth. It is a water animal with gills to breathe with. It holds on to a plant or something else with its sucker. Also, now it is a vegetarian. In a few days it develops a mouth, eyes and lives upon green water plants. It develops a "breathing hole" on the left side of its body. Two legs begin to grow from the base of its tail. Later another leg comes out of its "breathing hole", and still later yet another leg on the right side. It retains its tail.

Now great changes occur inside the tadpole. It develops lungs to breathe with. Its mouth becomes wider. But it is useless to feed with. So the tadpole begins to live on its own tail, and the tail gradually shrinks. A tongue develops inside the mouth, attached to its front.





Before the tail has entirely disappeared the frog comes out of the water, catches insects with its tongue and begins to croak. It is now a meat eater and an air breathing animal.

Though the frog can live out of water, it cannot live far away from it. It requires moisture, because its body is not protected by either scales, fur or feathers. It has to live near water. The water should be fresh water, not salt water. No *amphibians* can live in the sea.

There are two varieties of frog—the frogs and the toads. They can be differentiated thus :

Frogs have soft, moist, smooth skins while toads have tough, dry skins with bumps or warts. Frogs are slender and graceful while toads are broad and clumsy, with short front legs. Unlike toads frogs have small teeth.

Frogs and toads do not catch anything that does not move. They do not eat dead animals. They cannot swallow their food without closing their eyes.

Only male frogs can croak. They have vocal sacks. The sound is made by first filling the sack with air and then pushing it out past the vocal cords.

Frogs and toads eat many insects which are harmful to us. For this reason we ought to protect them.







### Prof: P. C. SORCAR

HERE is an impromptu thought reading trick in a new style. The eyes of the magician are covered with a thick bandage, so that he cannot actually see anything. Next two dozens or more of multicoloured ordinary wooden (lead) pencils are brought. All of them are of different make, size, pattern and shade. When thoroughly mixed up, nobody will be able to find out the place of their manufacture, whether they are made in Japan, Bavaria, America, Madras, Bombay, Calcutta or Delhi without carefully looking at the printed marks. Then all these pencils are dropped inside a big hat and thoroughly mixed up. Next, one pencil from this lot in the hat is selected by a member of the audience and is passed to others for their inspection. After its make, colour and other distinguishing marks are noted, it is dropped inside the hat and again thoroughly mixed up. The hat is then handed to the magician. On receiving it, he puts his hand inside it and picks out the selected pencil! If any wrong pencil passes through his hand, he at once says "Not this one", "Not this one."

The secret is simple. The magician has got one of his assistants mixed up amongst the crowd. This assistant is technically known as the



"plant". Most of the big stage illusionists use plants. When the spectators make their selection of the pencil, the confederate also mixes up with the crowd and examines it and he so manages that he is the last person to see it before it is dropped into the hat. He has a little cold cream secreted with him and rubs a little bit of it on the end of the selected pencil before it is put into the hat.

The magician feels which of the pencils has got the cold cream in one of the ends and thus easily spots out the chosen pencil. I once performed this with a

pellet of the sticky chewing gum. It can also be done with a small pellet of wax. If the confederate has a little



ice concealed in a handkerchief he can easily make the selected pencil slightly colder than the others and make identification easier.





## NEWS ITEMS

LOTHAL, which was a flourishing major port on the Saurashtra Coast, had extensive trade links with far-off Harappa and Mohenjodaro in the Indus valley some 4000 years ago. This was recently established when excavations were made at Lothal and Rangpur.

\* \* \*

DR. S. BASU of the Calcutta University and Dr. V. R. Rao of the Andhra University got awards under the Royal Society and Nuffield Foundation Commonwealth Bursaries. These will enable Dr. Basu to study the application of quantum mechanics to the solution of problems of chemical reactivity at Oxford and Dr. Rao to study spectroscopic techniques in Cytology at King's College, London.

\* \* \*

Some people believe that it is lucky to see a jackal first thing in the morning. Zamir Ahmad of Hyderabad who had such a belief kept a pet jackal. The jackal one day bit his master and poisoned him. 21-year-old Zamir died in hospital.





Three U. S. jet bombers made a non-stop round-the-world flight—24,325 miles—in about 45 hours, flying at an average of 525 miles an hour. During this flight the bombers were refuelled several times in the air by tanker aircraft.

\* \* \*

The first atomic reactor in Asia (except Russia) was inaugurated on January 20, at Trombay, by Prime Minister Nehru in the presence of a distinguished gathering including visiting scientists from foreign countries. "We shall never use atomic energy," said Nehru, "for evil purposes."

\* \* \*

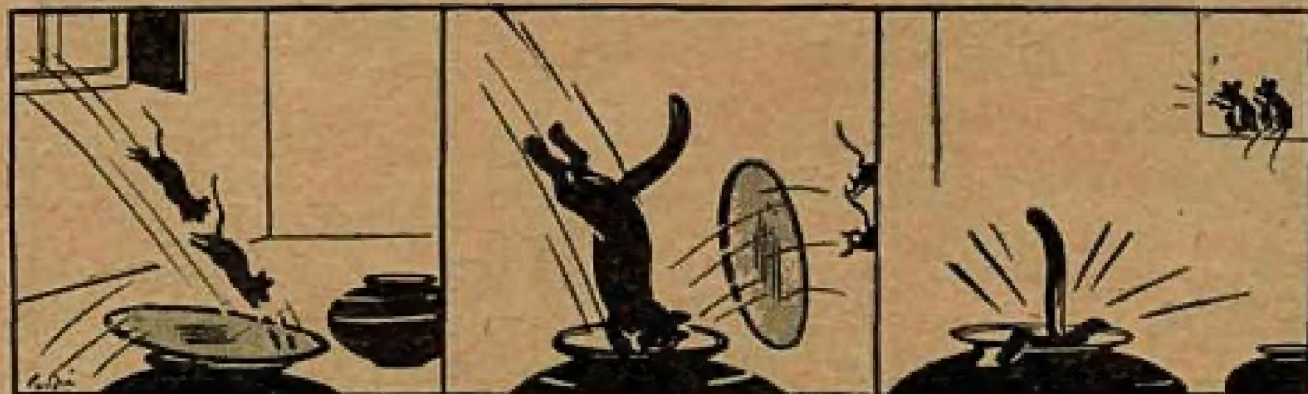
All India Radio had six stations in 1947 after partition. Now there are 26 stations with transmitters spread all over the country. The number of domestic licences is now well over a million.

\* \* \*

Marshal of the Soviet Union, Georgi Konstantinovich Zhukov arrived in India on January 24, on a few weeks' visit to India and Burma. He visited various places of interest all over the Country.

\* \* \*

On "Martyrs' Day", January 30, a ten-minute documentary film entitled "Gandhiji and Harijans" was released in Delhi and Bombay. Besides actual shots of Gandhiji taken during his life time, it includes a speech made by Gandhiji a few days before his assassination. This picture is to be shown at various theatres in all parts of the country.

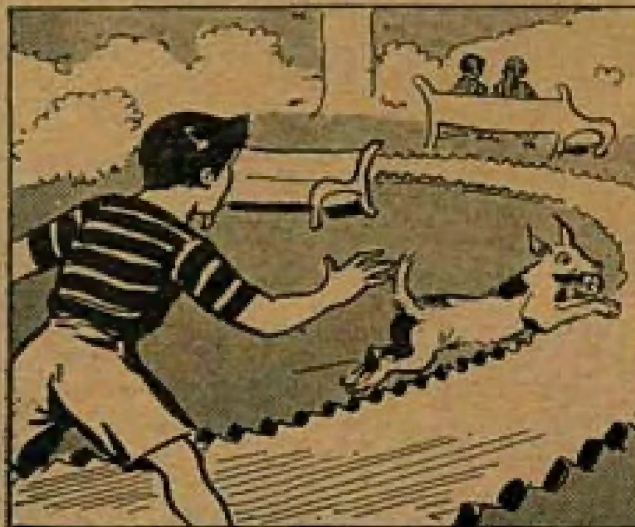




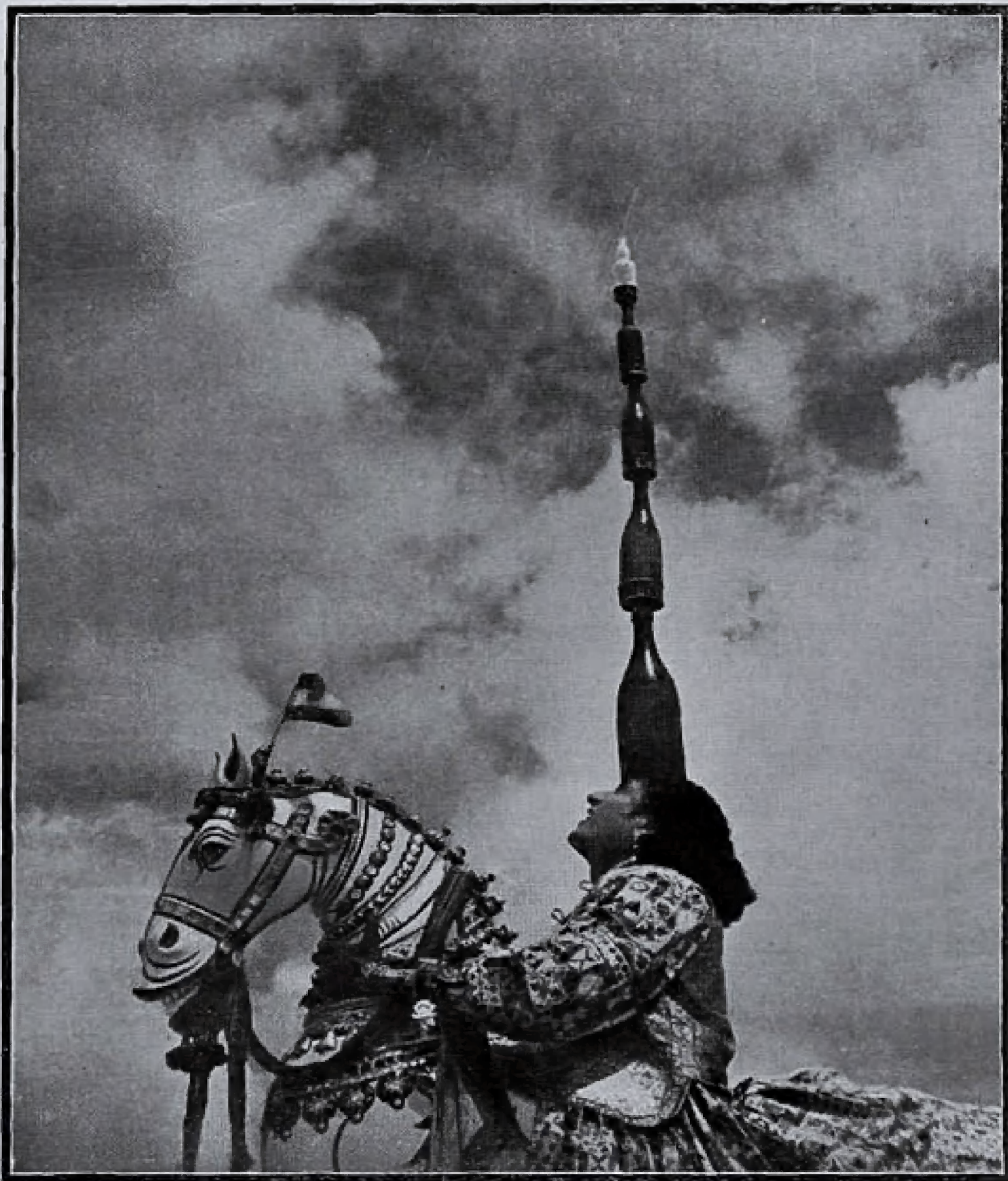
## Picture Story



ONE evening, Dass and Vass took a walk towards the park. On the way a bad boy picked the pocket of Vass and took away two annas. Vass did not notice it, but "Tiger" did. He followed the bad boy, who went to a stall, and bought a packet of eats with the two annas. As the bad boy was taking the packet, "Tiger" snatched it and ran away. The bad boy chased "Tiger" but, seeing him go to Dass and Vass, he sneaked off.





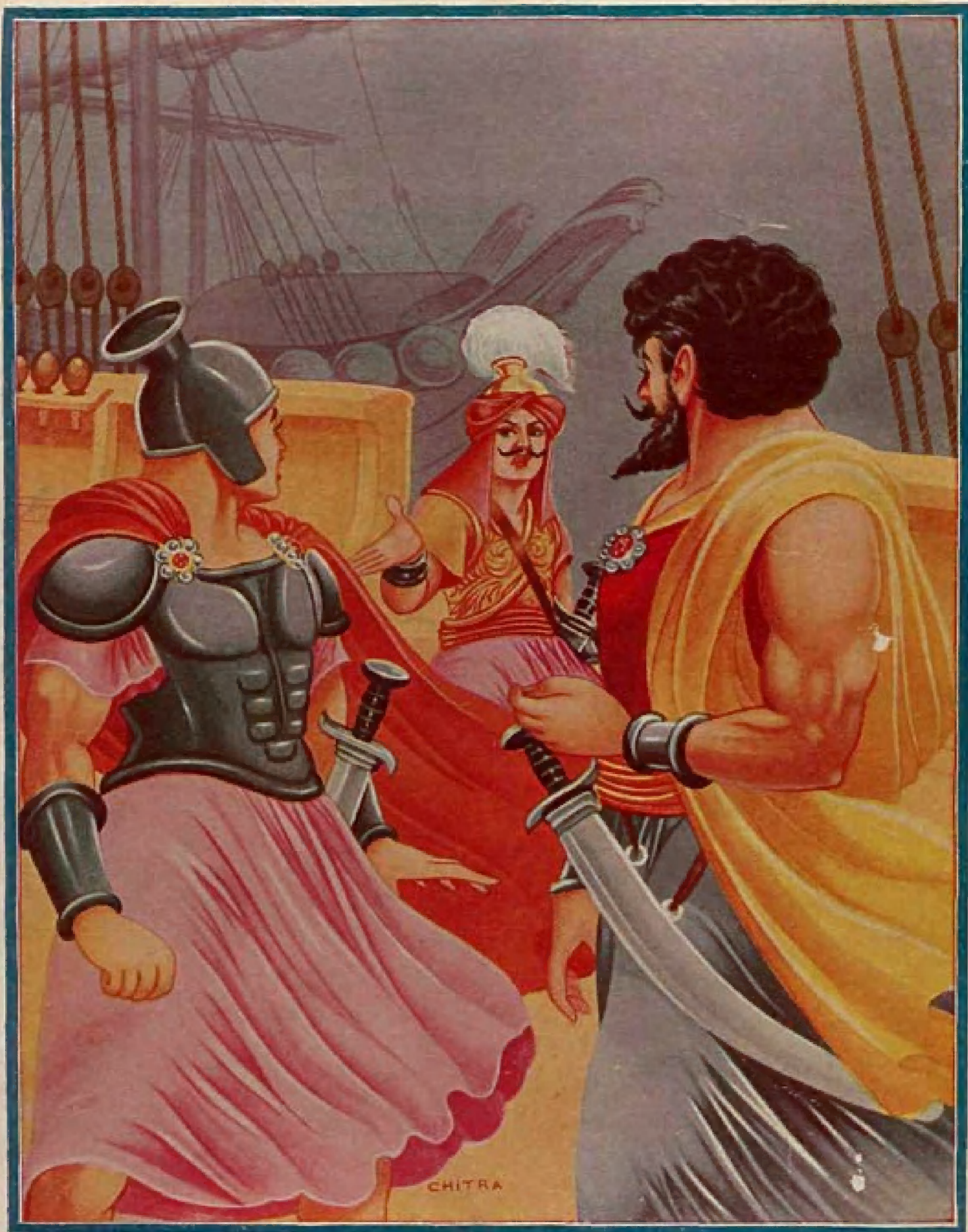


Winning  
Caption

GIVES US A THRILL

Contributed by  
Edward D'Souza Guido, Bombay-4





HELEN OF TROY